Dear Dave,

12/4/91

I've finished Lane's Plausible Denial and annotated it but the closer I got to the end the fewer annotations. How often does it mean something after the first hundred or so times to note that he lied? And that the book is a complete fraud? And that there is nothing new in it save his personal extension of the previous bounds of literary mendacity? And that his pretended sensations once again come from the National Enquirer? (And earlier theft from it was ruinous to James Earl Ray.)

I found a single clipping on the outcome of that trial and it is AP's and says nothing like what he paraphrases only from the one juror. It was a libel trial and no decision on whether or not the CIA was involved in the JFK assassination could have been reached. The decision was that Marchetti had no malicious intent is what it boils down to.

Toward the end he has some sneaky writing in which he takes credit, without doing so specifically, for the 1977-8 general FBI releases. He says he read every word and throughout the book he makes his ignorance of them clear, sometimes spectacular. The fact is that he did not even get a set of them. I have a list of those who did. He is not on it.

He must not have liked the judge's charge to the jury because with all the lies and distortions and all the lengthy direct quotations of what is irrelevant he has no word of it in the book -which ostensibly is on that trial. So I take it that the judge told the jury that all the crap about the CIA is not relevant, that the question before it was....

All in all he is as despicable a momser (bastard) as I've ever known.

He suffers no human qualities at all.

With Willis Carto, the wealthy nazi who years ago published what he hoped would be the American Mein Kampf (By Francis Parker? Yockey, "Imperium," written like Mein Kampf, in jail) and over who Lane fawns in the book, he is where he belongs.

At its best, which is achieves only infrequently, and it's not very best, the book is merely worthless. It is a thoroughly bad, thoroughly dishonest fraud of his own contriving. So I see no point in typing any additional notes. Nobody other than an underinformed political idiot (which apparently includes a few respected reviwers) would give this self-promotion fabrication a second look or thought.

Harold

Ray reminds me: I drove his brother Jerry out Best, of Memphis during the hearings for good reason. Jimmy had actually gotten a trooper's jacket in jail, He'd bought it to give to Jerry. So he gave it to me. With the sudden cold I'll now see if I can benfit from its warmth. It may now be tight.